

*The Historie of*

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if hee should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure; yea, and Ile sweare I slew him. Why may not he rise as well as I nothing confutes mee but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou fesch't Thy mayden sword.

*Iohn* But soft, who haue we heere?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?  
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?  
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes  
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fals.* No that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not Iacke, *Falstaffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is Percy, if your Father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next Percy himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

*Prin.* Why Percy, I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fals.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. He take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

*Iohn.* This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn,  
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

*It remains is at the end of the next play.*

*Henry the Fourth.*

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,  
Ile giulde it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

*A retreat is sounded.*

*Prince* The Trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours:  
Come Brother, lets to the highest of the Field,  
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead.

*Exeunt.*

*Fals.* Ile follow, as they say, for reward; He that rewardes me,  
God reward him. If I do grow great, Ile grow lesse: for Ile purge,  
and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman should doe.

*Exit.*

*The Trumpets sound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.*

*King* Thus euer did Rebellion finde rebuke,  
Illspirited *Worcester*, did not we send grace,  
Pardon and tearmes of Loue to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?  
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,  
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,  
Had beene aliue this houre,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I haue done, my safetie vrg'd me to,  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.

*King* Beare *Worcester* to the death, and *Vernon* too:  
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.  
How goes the Field?

*Prince* The noble Scot Lord *Douglas*, when he saw  
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,  
The noble Percy slaine, and all his men,  
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest:  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruizd,  
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent,  
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,  
I may dispose of him.

*King*